

lars on the banks of the Po: in the poplar, as with most species of aquatic trees, being so surcharged with moisture, as to have it exuded through the pores of the leaves, which may thus literally be said to weep; and there being no tree on which the sun shines more brightly than on the black poplar, thus still showing gleams of parental affection to the only memorial left of the unhappy son whom his fondness had contributed to destroy.

THE LESSER PERIWINKLE.

(*Vinca minor*.)

Class, Pentandria. Order, Monogynia. N. O. Apocynææ.

This pretty plant trails in some of the woods and banks in England: a great quantity may be seen in an extensive wood in Monmouthshire, called Wentwood, where plants with white as well as blue blossoms are growing together in great abundance—where

“Through primrose tufts in that sweet bower,
The Periwinkle trails its wreaths.”

It is also found wild in Devon. The leaves are evergreen, shining, and smooth; they stand opposite on the stalk, the stems are procumbent, the

flowers stalked, and the calyx segments are lance-shaped. It is a perennial plant, and in moist situations, in which it delights, the leaves and stems form a complete matting. When cultivated it varies little from the wild state.

“Where captivates the sky-blue periwinkle.”

It is often grown in gardens, and is a very nice trailing plant for rock work, and on rough spots under the drip of trees where it will flourish better than any other plant. The Periwinkle is the emblem of tender recollections.—

“Emblems we are, of joy or woe,
And tender recollection's glow
Inspired by our name;
Our glossy leaves with flowers entwined
Were made the bridal robe to bind
In days of ancient fame.

“And we are also flowers of death,
The mourning mother weaves a wreath
Of our dark shining sprays;
She twines it round the lovely head,
Ere in the cold and silent bed
Her child she sadly lays.

“Whene'er our blossomed stars you view,
Bethink you of life's changing hue,
How joy and sorrow blend;
That though thy cup may now flow o'er
Anguish may wring the heart before
Life's fitful day shall end.”